King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King Becauſe that like a Iacke thon keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and begone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudy deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories?
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he come. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrill*, and I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

King. But didſt thou ſee them
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirr*
Tir. The Chaplaine of the To
But how or in what place I do no
King. Come to me *Tirrill* ſoon
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe
Meane time but thinke how I ma
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pe
His daughter meanely haue I ma
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the
Now for I know the Brittaine *R*
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothe
And by that knot lookes proud
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wo
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, tha
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *El*
And *Buckingham* backt with th
Is in the field, and ſtill his powe
King. *Ely* with *Richmond* trou
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh
Come, I haue heard that feare
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnail
Then fierie expedition be my
Ioue, *Mercurie*, and Herald fo
Come muſter men, my counſa
We muſt be briefe, when traito

Enter Queene

Qu. Mar. So now proſpe
And drop into the rotten mou
Here in theſe confines ſlilie ha
To watch the wayning of min
A dire induction am I witneſſe
And will to *France*, hoping th

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G